

(2)

Alfred J.

Cruel and BLOODY PLOT Discovered, Plotted, Contrived and
 mented by *Hastelrig*, *Vane*, And also the Earl of *Argyle*, the Earl of *Antrim*,
 and several other persons of quality, Committed to the *Tower*.

Likewise, a Conference between Sir *Arthur* and Sir *Henry Vane*,
 Since they were committed to the Tower of LONDON.

It is an old saying, and now it hath proved true, That *long*
lookt for comes at last. How these two Grand State-Juglers
 have plaid Legerdemaine, and avoided their apprehension,
 notwithstanding the industrious search whereby they have been
 pursued, it is very wonderfull, their persons being as notori-
 ously known as their infamous actions, and both being as odious
 as infamy can make them. But now at length Justice hath over-
 taken them: For on Sunday last, being the 18th of July, this pair
 of Blood-hounds, were discovered in *Tower-street London*, and be-
 ing secured, from thence were carried before the Privy Council,
 in regard that day the Parliament did not sit; From whence, after
 strict examination, they were by the said Council committed Pri-
 soners to the Tower, and according to the merit of their notori-
 ous offence, they were conveyed by the Iron-Gate, which is ac-
 counted an ominous and fatall entrance into that place; for sel-
 dom or never it is known, that any who enter that way, return
 with safety, but do come off loofers. There were several com-
 mitted for plotting and contriving a way to raise a new War in
 these Kingdoms, Amongst whom was these two Grand Rumpers,
 Sir *Arthur Hastelrig*, and Sir *Harry Vane*, and also the Earl of
Argyle and the Earl of *Antrim*. But after some small space of
 their Imprisonment, being sensible of both the Cause, and their
 own deservings, they began to confabulate to each other.

Vane. Sir *Arthur* we have plaid our Game so ill we are like to
 come off both loofers.

Hastelrig. Had we as well managed our after gam as we did
 our fore-game, we had still sat State-Juglers, without contradic-
 tion, and yet continued sole Commanders without any Head.

Vane. You speak truth Sir *Arthur*, for I fear it will prove ac-
 cording to your words, that we shall be without a Head if Justice
 take place. But what think you now of the Good old Cause, so
 long maintained and fortunately advanc'd and kept on foot by us,
 to which we made Kings to stoop, and Forraign Nations admire
 and envy our proceedings?

Hastelrig. Our Cause did prosper, while it was good and upheld
 by our power, who dar'd call it bad? That and our selves had
 still continued Great and High, had not ambitious *Lambert*
 thought himself too low, and us too powerfull.

Vane. We should have hired our devout Cobler to have sticht
 up the small Rents, before the breach had been too wide, then
 we might still have gone upright.

Hastelrig. 'Twas he that did with *Lambert's* factious crew bring ruine
 on themselves and us too. For we were like so many Horse-leaches
 which having over-suckt our selves with blood, could not hold any
 longer, but must needs break and divide.

Vane. We have liv'd too long in the fortunate Islands, and been
 Masters of the Indies, and now we must give an account of our
 Stewardship.

Hastelrig. I have lost my accompts, and so torn my Book, that I am
 afraid to appear, and the very thoughts thereof hath made me
 sick of a malignant Feaver, for which there is no other way left,
 but I must bleed in the Juglar Vaine, You Sir *Henry* may send
 to your Father the Pope to make intercession for you, whose Di-
 ctates and Counsels you have ever faithfully obeyed, but for my
 part I must tender the usual way for Villanies, and conclude my
 Pilgrimage with *Hangum tuum*.

Vane. But where are the rest of our dear fraternity, as *Scot*, and
 the Stallion *Hal Martin*? What news of them?

Enter *Scot* as newly landed from Dunkirk.

Hastelrig. Who is here? our Brother *Scot*, our pretty white De-
 vil, one so instrumentall in all our mischiefs and villanies, as if na-
 ture had cut him out for the same purpose; from whence my
 subtle Engineer?

Scot. From *Flanders* my brave Machavelians. I had like to have
 been choakt with a Spanish Flag in the Spanish Camp, and for cure
 was carried to *Dunkirk*, and now am brought over to *England*,
 where I am sure I shall be perfectly cured.

Vane. One Remedy will serve us all; For my part I am weary-
 ed, and tired with continual actions, and I will sue to his Majesty
 to give me a Writ of ease, and a *Quietus est*, and I hope I shall gain
 it since I have so well deserv'd it.

Scot. Nay Sir *Harry*, If you plead merit, I can put in for as
 great a share as either of you, and will not be denied what you
 claim as a just reward, my deserts being equal if not Superlative to
 either of yours.

Hastelrig. Let us not strive and emulate for our rewards, for we need
 not ~~seek~~ Justice and the Law will give it us.

Scot. When saw you my faithful Brother and Companion in in-
 equity *Hal Martin*, how escapes he?

Hastelrig. He keeps Sanctuary at *Bloomsbury*, where he lyes quartered
 with a Legion of such Defenders, that there can no approach be
 made unto him, or seizure upon him, without an Army of Chirur-
 gions, he hath been to good a Benefactor to those Inhabitants, that
 they have promised and vow'd, to stick to him so long as one Limb
 sticks to another.

Vane. Society either in action or sufferings is comfortable, and
 we shall not want that in either.

Hastelrig. True Sir *Henry*, but were our number as true as our Acti-
 on, are numerous and odious, we might out-vie all the Na-
 tions in the Christian world.

Vane. Sir *Arthur* since the world is turn'd topsy-turvy, let us
 at length prove honest men, and surrender that which we cannot
 keep, let us unhood our selves, and appear in our naturall Co-
 lours, every one confesse his Villanies, which he can no longer con-
 ceal, let us turn Converts, and as we have alwayes been dissem-
 blers, so now out of our natural disposition of dissimulation ac-
 knowledge his Majesty to be our Right and lawfull Sovereign (for
 we cannot help it) that we were the unjust and bloody murthe-
 rers of his most Royal Father, that in all our actions we sought our
 own profit and not the publick good, that our endeavours tended
 to the advance of our own private interest and Estates, and not the
 benefit of the trust imposed upon us; that we were plunderers of
 both Church and Common-wealth, never thinking that the day
 of accompt would come; that we made Religion and the glory of
 God the cloak for all our Villany, rapines and murders. And lastly,
 that we did intend if our designs had stood fast, and undisturbed,
 to have made our selves perpetual Dictators and State-Robbers.

Hastelrig. Since our hopes are frustate, and the world is come to
 this passe as it is, I will submit to that which I cannot help, and
 patiently bear, which is incorrigible and not to be amended.

And with the rest against my Consciene sing,
 God blesse, defend and keep our Royal King.

Scot. I in good sooth do know it is my doom
 For to be hang'd, My orders given at Rome
 Will not preserve me here, and therefore I
 Like a Grand Traytor do expect to dye
 With you dear Brother *Hastelrig* and *Vane*,
 Since we're so low we cannot rise again.
 We're just like Witches of our Art bereft,
 As they are when the Devil hath them left.